

# Mother is the battle over?

*Mother is the battle over?  
Thousands have been kill'd, they say:  
Is my father coming? tell me,  
Have our soldiers gain'd the day?*

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*Published*

*Cincinnati: A. C. PETERS & BRO: — J. L. PETERS & BRO: St. Louis.*

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# MOTHER, IS THE BATTLE OVER?

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BENEDICT ROEFS.

*Mourningfully.*

*dolce.*

Mother, is the battle over?

*rit.* *dim.*

Mother, is the battle over? Thousands, thousands, have been

*ritar. - dan - do. parlando. rit:*

kill'd, they say: Is my Father coming? tell me, Have our soldiers gain'd the day?

a tempo.

Is he well or is he wounded? Mother, do you think he's slain? If you know, I

pray you tell me, Will my father come a-gain? Will my fa-ther come a-gain?

rit: smorz:

Mother dear, you're always

sigh-ing Since you last the paper read. Tell me why you now are cry-ing

ritar - dan - do      rit: smorz: parlando.      a tempo.

Why that cap is on your head.      Why that cap is on your head.      Ah! I see you

can not tell me. Fa - ther's one a - mong the slain; Al - tho' he lov'd us

rit:

ve - ry dear - ly, He will never come a - gain! He will ne - ver

come a - gain.

rit: a tempo.      smorz: zan - do.

2002  
2000

CIVIL WAR SONG

CIRCA 1863

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